Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liu'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ger. This is the coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation, extaſie is very cunning in
Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muſick, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from, Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within,
Infects vnſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoid what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.
Ham, O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits Deuill, is Angell yet in this
That to the vſe of actions faire and good,
He likewiſe giues a Frock or Liuerie
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie:
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtampe of nature,
And maſter the Deuill, or throw him out
With wondrous potencie: once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing beg of you, for this ſame Lord
I do repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it ſo.

To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter,
I will beſtow him and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him; ſo againe good night
I muſt be cruell onely to be kind,
This bad begins, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good Ladie.
Ger. What ſhall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddack, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deere conſeruings hide, who would doe ſo,
No, in deſpight of ſence and ſecrecie,
Vnpeg the basket on the houſes top,
Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that,
Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. Ther's letters ſeald, & my two ſchool-fellowes,
Whom I will truſt as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the Mandate, they muſt ſweepe my way
And marſhall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the ſport to haue the Enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines.
And blow them at the Moone: O tis moſt ſweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet,